5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

249 796 their sticks, as if killing grasshoppers and worms. It has sometimes happened that a young man has said that he does not believe that these prayers and songs protect the plants, that the Sun does not send messengers to destroy the worms. To such a one a medicine man will say, "Well, you can go to the place and see for yourself." The young man gets on his horse and travels to the place. When he comes to the edge of the patch and looks out on it, he sees many small children at work there, killing worms. He has not believed [761] in this before, but now he goes back convinced. Such a young man does not live very long.

At length the season comes for gathering the crop, and, at a time appointed, all the camps begin to move back toward the tobacco patch, timing their marches so that all may reach it on the same day. When they get there, they camp near it, but no one visits it except the head man of the medicine men who took charge of the planting. This man goes to the bed, gathers a little of the plant, and returns to the camp.

249 796 ●852 A small boy, six or eight years old, is selected to carry this plant to the centre of the circle. The man who gathered the tobacco ties it to a little stick, and, under the tobacco, to the stick he ties a baby's moccasin. The little boy carries this stick to the centre of the camp, and stands it in the ground in the middle of the circle, the old man accompanying him and showing him where to put it. It is left there all night. The next day there is a great feast, and the kettles of food are all brought to the centre of the camp. The people all gather there, and a prayer is made. Then they sing the four songs which belong especially to this festival. The first and fourth are merely airs without words; the second has words, the purport of which is, "The sun goes with us." The third song says, "Hear your children's prayer." After the ceremony is over, every one is at liberty to go and gather the tobacco. It is dried and put in sacks for use during the year. The seed is collected for the next planting.

249 796 [533]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

cine men there might have been as many as three or four who possessed the secret of the use of the designated medicine. Each in turn gave proof of his power by singing the songs of that medicine and the sleight-of-hand performance just described. In recent years, however, the horse dance has served primarily as a ceremony for curing sick humans.

Invitations to attend the horse dance were extended to recognized horse medicine men and to medicine pipe men who possessed horse medicine songs by presenting each with a feather from the leader's bundle (pl. 16, *A*, *a*). The person who requested the ceremony was responsible for delivery of the feathers. Before the leader handed the feathers to him for distribution he chewed some of his horse medicine and blew some of it on the feathers, then toward the messenger. Then he told him who was to receive each feather and reminded him that on presenting the feather he was to tell the recipient only the place and time of meeting. If a man failed to attend after receiving a feather, he must, on the next day, tie a rock to it and throw it into a lake or stream to avoid bad luck. The leader later added a new feather to the bundle to replace the one thus destroyed. Each man who attended the ceremony gave his feather to the leader as he entered the lodge. The leader returned the feathers to his bundle.

Wallace Night Gun claimed he observed the horse dance just as Wolf Calf, who taught it to him, had practiced it. As leader of the cult on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana he kindly invited me to attend one of the ceremonies. The description of this ceremony that follows is based upon my own observations of the horse dance plus interpretations of the esoteric aspects of the ritual furnished by Wallace Night Gun a few days later.[88]

The horse dance was performed on that occasion in the combined living room and kitchen of the frame home of my interpreters, Reuben and Cecile Black Boy, in the Moccasin Flat section of Browning on the evening of March 29, 1943. Neither Reuben nor Cecile attended, stating that they were not cult members and hence did not think it proper that they should attend the ritual. Night Gun told me, however, there was no prohibition against nonmembers witnessing the ceremony, but children were excluded for fear they might later try to imitate some of the songs or gestures employed in the ritual. It was considered very bad luck to employ these songs or gestures outside their proper ceremonial context.

There were less than a dozen witnesses other than the participants. Among them was a young woman who had been in poor health all

[88] This description may be compared with Clark Wissler's short paragraph on the ceremony published in 1912 (Wissler, 1912 a, pp. 109–110). My informant said that Red Plume, Wissler's informant, was not a member of the horse medicine cult.

See category 778, p. 358-0--Analyst

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

children of the poor. At birth, the son of a rich man was placed upon an otter or a weasel skin. The poor man's child had to be content with a buckskin bag. Pointed Plume was initiated to many ceremonial objects for which large and handsome payments were made. The list is impressive: forelock of the Long-Time Pipe; weasel-tail suit, a partnership in the Horn Society when he was only fourteen years old, and many ceremonial paintings to insure long life and prosperity. He was rarely permitted to leave his home and was never entrusted to any white school.

Ned Sloane, the son of a white father and an Indian mother who died when he was born, could boast of no such honorings. Deserted by his one remaining parent, the boy spent his childhood in the care of his Indian grandmother, visiting from relative to relative. "All of them treated me like a son," he said, but none gave him any substantial gift—not even his famous uncle Long Tail-feathers, owner of many powers, though Ned and his grandmother shared his home for years. At the tender age of seven, the youngster was sent to the Dunbow Industrial School, more than a hundred miles from the reserve. In the eleven years he "studied" there, he had four visitors.

Each member of a men's society hailed his fellow-member as *taka*, a term of friendship that frequently implied a greater degree of affection and loyalty than was lavished upon a close relative. Even after the buffalo had disappeared and the hunt was a thing of the past, these societies persisted; they still remain a great force for solidarity among the Blood. But within their membership social differences are clearly recognised. It was the rich men's sons who became the leaders because they could buy the more expensive bundles.[9]

Long before they were eligible for membership in such organisations, young children were well aware of age differences. Very consciously, they sought their playmates within a limited group. But even within this group, the children of the rich formed an inner clique which set them off as a snobbish elite and at the same time protected them from the envious assaults of their less fortunate comrades; not unexpectedly they chose their *taka* or special friend from their own social stratum. Pointed Plume says,

> I had a number of boy playmates. They were *minipoka* like me. Buffalo Horn was my special comrade, but Wolf Tail and Painted Arrow were also close friends.
>
> Buffalo Horn, like me, was a *minipoka* and the only boy in the family. It was much easier to play with another *minipoka*, for when we were teased by the gang, I and Buffalo Horn could stick together. Also my family felt that Buffalo Horn was a fit companion for me. He came of a wealthy family and was a favorite son.

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[9] Maximilian, *Travels in the Interior of North America*, p. 256, for the buffalo period.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NP6 Blackfoot NP6
Blood

horse to the bride; one horse was given to Wooden Ears who had been Charging Buffalo's partner in the Horn Society, and who, if one can trust custom, had made an appropriate gift because of that relationship; and the finest saddle horse was handed over to John Bruce in exchange for a nice large house that Charging Buffalo wished to occupy.

The more general society give-aways made demands particularly on the rich, but these demands were rarely resented. Irregular, and usually not onerous, they enhanced the prestige of the giver. In no way did they raise the status of those who received. Requests for special objects could, it is true, only be denied with loss of face, but no Blood would hesitate to circumvent expectation by resorting to the simple device of "shaming," well known long before the reserve period.[122] One example will suffice. In 1905 Mountain Pine led a fine buckskin horse to the corral. Crow Chief admired the animal saying, "I wish I owned that horse." Mountain Pine answered, "You can have it if you face to the east and cry 'Mama, I wish I owned such a horse.'" He then handed over the horse while the bystanders laughed heartily. It is not surprising that under these circumstances, Crow-Chief refused to accept it.[123]

Relationships within the age-grade societies were still a matter of group concern, and great efforts were made by the wealthier members to be "brotherly" and back up the poor. The methods employed were frequently devious. When Ghost Moon brazenly demanded a new saddle from Moose Dung, a poor member of Middle Bear's society, the latter felt impelled to satisfy the request to save his *taka's* face, without, however, benefiting him more directly.[124]

In these years of economic expansion, old ways of spending were exaggerated. Favorites were showered with expensive gifts and raiment. A saddle costing $80–$100, silver spurs, special boots, finely beaded blankets, all might be lavished on a small and favored son. He was initiated to many ceremonial objects for which large payments were made not only in horses, but in fine goods. As the herds grew these payments became more ostentatious. The Long Time Pipe alone sold several times for 100 horses.

Nor was it enough for a prosperous Blood to have one favorite. Many had two or more. Pointed Plume said he wanted to "treat his two boys alike." Others frankly stated they wanted to show how rich they were. To all it gave great satisfaction to add to prestige by conspicuous spending.

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[122] There are many ways in which shaming could be used to emphasize wealth differences. For instance, at a formal smoke where bundles were named and prices given, "Those having a long list were cheered, while those having a short one were ridiculed." (Wissler, *Ceremonial Bundles*, p. 278).

[123] Biele, Field Notes.

[124] *Ibid.*

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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556 The less successful families aped their wealthier neighbors. They too had
184 give-aways, but these were on a lesser scale. They were initiated to a part of
a bundle; they bought the cheaper society memberships; they too had their
[852] favorites, but these children had to be content with small honorings. They
might receive an otter skin, even a weasel-tail suit, or they might wear
their umbilical cords in little beaded bags as the "real" favorites did. But
these meagre efforts of their parents to "keep up with the Joneses," never
succeeded in gaining recognition for their children. Only when the spending
was great and continual was a child considered a "real" favorite by the
Blood. A Bird Shooter or a Joe Duck-Bill might say, "I was a *minipoka*,
but my father died when I was still young. That is why I haven't many
honorings." At these avowals the Blood would only laugh; they knew
what it took to make a favorite.

787 Shamanism began to lose its hold. Wissler, writing at this time, says of
756 the vision quest, "The majority of young men fail in this ordeal as an un-
178 reasonable fear usually comes down upon them the first night, causing
them to abandon their part."[125] Whatever may have been the trials of the
[151] ordeal it was not waning courage alone that turned the interest of the young
men from the vision quest and medicine power. There were now more
rewarding ways of earning a living.

Even the older men showed little interest in the quest itself, although
they still sought the benefits of supernatural power. Says Wissler, "Men of
medicine experience seldom resort to these tortures, as dreams of a satis-
factory character are said to come to them in normal sleep,"[126] and in
[425] another passage, he adds, "At present the majority of men seems content
to secure their charms and other medicines from those who do have dreams
[556] or from the large stock of such available for transfer."[127] Emphasis on
courage and inspiration disappeared; increasingly wealth was the preferred
road to power.

511 SUMMARY.—In this period of 1894–1910, the bulk of the wealth still
556 rested in the hands of the horse-owners who in the first seventeen years of
657 the reserve succeeded in freezing the only valuable form of property that
433 remained to the Blood after the treaty of 1877. The loan system, the final
182 distribution of cattle, the need for fodder and additional help, as well as
those industries that paid money wages, spread the wealth. With the in-
creased oppportunities for making a living, social differences became less
conspicuous, but the dominance of the large horse and cattle owners was
never threatened. As the economy expanded, the rich spent more lavishly,

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[125] Wissler, *Ceremonial Bundles*, p. 104.
[126] *Idem.*
[127] *Idem.*

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strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked: "Do you want this baby to become a man?" Little Bear told him he did. Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He said: "I will sing my power song. If my power comes alive then I will give its name to this baby and it will grow up to be a strong man. He brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a bunch of grass and began to sing. After he breathed on his hand, the spider began to move around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said: "Since my power has come alive for your child, I will give him the name Spider."

Spider lived to be an old man who died just a few years before I was born. He was a farmer whose favorite pastime was going to Indian dances. The old people say that when he danced he drifted so gently that he looked like a piece of eagle down. He always wore very elaborate beaded costumes, painted his face with bright and striking designs, and combed his hair in special styles for which he was noted. He never cut his hair during his lifetime, which earned him his other name, Long Hair.

THE INITIATIONS OF PAULA WEASEL HEAD, A BLOOD ELDER

by Paula Weasel Head

I'm going to tell you a little bit about the holy initiations that I have gone through in my lifetime of over seventy years, to show you what a woman can take part in with our tribal culture. Because my father loved me very much he took me along with him to all kinds of ceremonies that he went to. His name was Iron, and he was famous for going through more holy initiations than anyone else here, among the

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
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Bloods. He owned a number of different medicine pipe bundles and he joined the Horns Society many times. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and he died not too many years ago.

When I was just a little girl my father purchased a painted-lodge design for me. The design was put on a new tipi for the transfer ceremony. It wasn't a big tipi, it was just a little tipi big enough for kids to play in. My mother made it for me so that I could use it with my friends. They hired an old man to conduct the ceremony so that I would be properly initiated for it. My mother sat in the tipi with me, as my partner. I was not the only little girl that was given such a tipi. There were a few others.

My sister and I were then in boarding school. That was in the days when they didn't even allow us to come home for the Sun Dance. My mother came to the school and she put up the tipi in the summertime. She put it up right by the school, and nobody bothered it. She put in a small tipi liner that had designs painted on it. She tanned some little animal furs and she put them inside my tipi for rugs. She even made little bags from rawhide and put them all around the inside, just like a regular lodge. Sometimes on her way to visit us at the school, my mother would stop at Long-Nosed Crow's [the trader R. N. Wilson's store] and buy a lot of groceries. Then she would tell me to invite all my friends to the tipi and she would serve a big meal—all kinds of food and berries. Sometimes even the nuns came over and sat in the little tipi with us.

The design on my tipi was very pretty. It was given to one of the old people from the past, in a dream. The cover was painted yellow, and it had four lines of colored circles going from top to bottom. The circles stood for stars, and there was a row of them at each of the four directions—east, west, north, and south. I don't know how many years I had that tipi, but it finally wore out and disappeared. I have never painted that

design on another cover, and right now I could transfer the design to somebody else if I was asked to.

I was also initiated to join with a medicine pipe bundle when I was very small. Each of those bundles has a man and a wife for an owner, and a child goes with them to wear the special topknot wrapping and fur headband that is kept with the bundle. That is what they transferred to me, and I sat right up in front with the main people, each time the bundle's opening ceremony was held. I have been around medicine pipe bundles all of my life, and I know all their songs and ceremonies.

Mokakin and I got married in 1921. His name means Pemmican, although today he is also known by his uncle's name, Eagle Ribs. We were still very young when we made a pledge to take that bundle called Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe. We treated it very well. I was very scared to do something wrong to it, there are so many rules and regulations to follow. The ones who initiated us for it were the real old-time people, so we were initiated in the old-time way. The ceremony took a couple of days. They even initiated us for going to sleep at night and getting up in the morning.

We lived very good by that medicine pipe bundle. I used to take it outside every morning, before the sun came up, as was the custom. I always had to start a fire in the stove so that I could make incense before I took the bundle out. I watched it during the day so that nothing would happen to it while it hung outside. That is what those tripods with each bundle are for, to hang it from. But when the people started living in houses they just put up a big nail at the back, where the bundle can hang in the daytime. Then I made incense again before the sun went away, and I would bring the bundle back inside. I made incense once more before we lay down to sleep. That is when we really learned to pray. That is one reason why you have to make incense often for your bundles, so you will learn

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TWO LITTLE SISTERS
by Paula Weasel Head's Sister, Annie Red Crow

593 858 My father took my sister as his Minipoka, or favorite. I don't know why he picked her, but in those days it was a custom to do that. She got special treatment in whatever she did, and my father took her along to ceremonies and dances while I stayed home and played.

593 Not that our father treated me badly because of it. Sometimes he tried to get me initiated for some sacred thing at the same time as my sister, but I always ran away. I always preferred to play with my friends. I wasn't mistreated at all, but I sure was jealous because my sister was treated special. I used to do things to aggravate her. I would make certain faces at her, when no one was looking, and call her. "Ponah! Ponah!" I would say, quietly, and when she looked and saw my faces 551 she would get real mad. Her real name is Different-People Woman, but they named her Paula, like they named me Annie. Paula Iron and Annie Iron, we were called in school. The old people couldn't pronounce Paula, so they called her Ponah, and that name has stuck with her.

857 524 Right from the time we were young my sister knew a lot about Indian ways. We would make dolls out of cloth and buckskin, and we would put real hair on them. She knew how to make them real good. She had a little painted tipi, and it was even transferred to her with a ceremony. After that she started pouting around our parents because she didn't have a medicine pipe bundle for her tipi. Our parents had several of them, at different times. So they made her a little medicine pipe bundle to hang up in her tipi. She took care of it just like our mother took care of our real ones—that's how she learned to care for medicine bundles so good. This small one she had 852 778 wasn't transferred to her, it was just for imitation. But there

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852 were a couple of small ones that were transferred to the chil-
778 dren of well-off people. One of them is among the Bloods yet. It is known as the children's medicine pipe. When my husband, Frank, was still living we had this bundle transferred to one of our favorite granddaughters.

593 Whatever my sister wanted, she would only have to go to our father and act good and he would get it for her. If acting good didn't work, she would pout until he gave in. If I did that he got mad and chased me away. Our family was well
524 off in horses and property. He used to make her small play horses and put real horsehair on them. She had small travois to fit some of them. One of them had four little doll children with their heads sticking out of the travois pack, just like in real. She even had small bundles imitating the Horns Society and the Motokiks. That's why she joined in all these things while she was still young. I just joined the Motokiks lately, in my old age.

593 I remember one day, when we were young, that I sure
302 made things miserable for my father and sister. Every morning he would paint our faces, so we would have good luck for the day. He would pray while painting us in front of the family altar. The old people used to do that all the time. My sister always insisted on being the first one to get painted, and my father always let her have her way. He would call her to get painted, and I would run away and hide. I didn't care about having my face painted.

Now, on this particular morning Ponah was sleeping late. I told my father: "Hurry up and paint me, because I am going out to ride my horse." He answered: "Wait, your sister is still sleeping." But I kept hurrying him, and finally I said: "I'm not going to have my face painted today if you don't do it right now." He must have been thinking how Ponah would act if he painted me first. But finally he agreed to paint my face, so that I could go out and leave him alone.

As soon as I got my face painted I ran outside, but I forgot

[484] tipi cover, and alongside it she put her parfleches—those rawhide suitcases that held food and clothes and other supplies. Then she'd cover all that with her bedding, which consisted of a mattress, some blankets, and some hides. When she had all that on, she would wrap the tipi cover around it and tie it all down real well to the running gear.

[852] I used to go along to the Sun Dance with my grandparents so that I could run errands for them. My brother used to stay home to watch the horses for my father. When we got to the Sun Dance grounds my grandmother was the one who laid out [342] everything for our camp. She put all her belongings in neat piles on the ground. Then she laid out her tipi poles. She had the four main poles already marked, where they had to be tied. She tied them up first and got the men to lift them up. They used a long rawhide rope to pull on. Then she instructed them on putting up the rest of the poles for the tipi framework, until they were all set up. These came to about twenty-eight or thirty poles. The main pole is the one you tie the tipi cover to, and she would instruct them to lift that into the place last. To close up the front she used skewers of sticks six to eight inches long. We call these buttons. They buttoned the tipi down to the door. She would call over some boy to climb up for the top buttons. They always had a ladder with them to get up on.

When the cover was set up my grandmother would go inside and start spreading the poles outward so that the cover got tight and the tipi was set in place. Then she'd bring out her sack of picket pins and she'd go around the tipi, throwing one at each place where there was a loop at the bottom of the tipi. Then she'd get down on her knees and with her little hatchet she'd stake down the tipi by putting the pickets through the [854] loops and pounding the picket points into the ground. There were two more poles that she put through the tips of her tipi's ears. With them she controlled the draft of the smoke from her inside fire.

551 given the name Low Horn, in honor of his great-grandfather, who was a leader in the tribe. The Low Horn that he was named after lived so long ago that he is mentioned in our legends.

"My daughter carries the name of her great-grandmother, SikskiAki, which means Black-Faced Woman. This is an honor that was bestowed on her by one of that great-grandmother's sons, who was an old man when my daughter was born. He is gone now, but the memory of his mother lives on through her name.

[553] "While men most often carry an inherited name, women were usually named for famous war deeds. Old warriors and chiefs were asked to give these names to little girls in order to bless them with the good luck and success of the war trails. Common names are Stabbed-in-the-Water Woman, Shot-Close Woman, and Medicine-Capture Woman. One thing we all have in common is that our names end with *Woman*. That's strange, since not so many men's names end with *Man*."

846 Our late grandfather, Willie Scraping White, was put
782 through a powerful ceremony when he was first born, in
852 1877. His mother had hard luck with children. All up to him had been born dead or died shortly after birth. His parents were desperate to have him live, so they went to an old lady named Holy Otter Woman, who was a holy woman noted for spiritual powers. The old lady prayed for him, then chopped off part of his little finger and gave it to Sun as an offering. This was considered a most powerful form of sacrifice in the ways of my grandmothers. Many of them did likewise in times of need.

The old lady also took our grandfather, wrapped him up in blankets, and tied him up in a tree as if he were dead. His mother stood underneath and mourned for him. The old lady said that she would never have to do that again. She was right, since our grandfather lived to be ninety-seven.

Lazy Going Man's 2 children were brought in and painted, then both were mounted upon a horse. Their father stood up and presented a rifle to the outgoing "hide cutters" party by laying it upon the ground. His wife and others also made various presents of lodge furniture and wearing apparel. 796 431 852

Lazy Going Man was a close friend of Gambler, the new hide-cutter. By contributing presents to the past hide-cutter, he was helping Gambler assume his new duties. At the same time, he obtained the right to help his friend with the sacred hide-cutting. Having his children painted was to give them the inspiration to look for success in later life. [424] [302]

The hide was then uncovered and spread out; Gambler stood up before it and made a speech. He, Strangled Wolf and Lazy Going Man each counted 4 coups . . . holding the knife in hand as he did so. . . . Gambler, assisted by others, cut up the hide. Beginning at the tail, he cut around the edge and continued cutting until the whole hide was made into a single, long thong about an inch in width, the tail being one extremity. To the tip of the tail was tied an eagle tail feather. The offerings were now all brought from where they had been piled behind the A-Kaz [Medicine Lodge] and were tied to the ends of all the rafters. Many of the offerings were also tied to the [top] end of the centre pole, as it lay, and others were wrapped and tied about the middle. . . . The tail end of the raw hide was now pulled along and made fast to the top end of the centre pole, in such a manner that the ox-tail [beef hide] would hang near the ground when this pole became erect. The raw hide was then all cut into lengths sufficient to tie the smaller poles together . . . and several men went to work tying them. 796 281 [555] [237] [782] [346]

The tail left hanging down from the Center Pole represents the tail that hung from the bot- 796 346 773

[p. 32-B]

ments among the People were becoming more common by that time, anyway, as their life in harmony with the Old Ways was being disturbed by outside interferences, both physical and spiritual.

SCRAPING WHITE'S AND HEAVY HEAD'S ACCOUNT: 1889

I once asked the Old Man if he had seen the self-torture dancing during the 1892 Okan, among the Bloods. He told me, "I was at that Okan with my parents, I remember . . . but I was too young to understand what was really going on. Some families had favorite children (Minipokaiks) who were taken along to holy ceremonies and had things explained to them. I wasn't one of those. Most of the kids were expected to play with their friends and not come near enough to disturb holy places until they were old enough to take part in things. I spent most of my time with my partners, riding across the prairie on my horse and looking for childhood adventure." Then, sensing that I had hoped for a more exciting answer, he added, "But my stepfather, Scraping White, later told me about the self-torture dancing. He helped to make the incisions and gave the dancers encouragement. Three summers before that last time of self-torture he had made and fulfilled a vow of his own."

I learned that old Scraping White was one of three men who fulfilled his self-torture vows during the Okan in 1889. Besides Scraping White, who was then twenty-three years old, there was Tough Bread (also known as Flint and Heavy Forehead) and old Heavy Head, who was then twenty. Heavy Head later became the Old Man's advisor and teacher. In 1947, an anthropologist named John Ewers recorded old Scraping White's story about his experience. Scraping White was then eighty-one years old—a fact that disproves the common theory that men who took part in the self-torture did not live long afterward. This theory might have been true in the long-ago days,

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

cawing like a crow. R Wolf then took a piece of meat from the stewed tongues, a dish of which had by that time been placed in front of each person, and after praying to the earth, shoved the meat between the cracks of the floor in front of him. All the others prayed and did likewise and the feast began. [Before we eat a ceremonial meal we always break off a piece of meat and hold it up toward the Spirits of the Universe, while giving a prayer of thanks. At the end of the prayer we say, "Oki, this piece is for you, Spirits of the Earth," thus symbolizing our request that our Earth Mother share her food with us.] 796 778 264 [533] [825] [782]

Singing was renewed at 1:40. Two little sacks containing red and black paint were taken from the outfit, and R Wolf extracted a particle of the Red Paint and held it towards the altar as he sang. Next he put a small bunch of wool in left hand, poised the paint with right, and finally placed paint with the wool rolled both together and deposited them upon the altar. The same was done with the black paint, after which the squaws painted a child's face red and black. One of the men present (Cut Face) brought his child, a boy, and kneeled in front of R Wolf, laid a dollar bill at the latter's feet and waited while the child's face was painted as follows. Running Wolf continued singing with the other musicians who all rattled; covering the palms of both hands with a mixture of red paint and grease, after many waves to and from the altar, he applied the paint all over the face of the now kicking and struggling child who tried in vain to free himself from the grasp of his father who held him throughout. At the end of his process Running Wolf made a long prayer and then rubbed the stuff off his hands. 796 778 302 852 [533] [386] [782]

Renewing his singing, he mixed the black in same way and after striping the boy's face [painting a black stripe over the red paint], indulged in a 2nd elaborate prayer; he also painted a black ring around each wrist. The striping of the face consisted in a single black stripe down the middle of the face from forehead, at base of hair, to chin, [782]

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

over the nose and mouth. He finished the boy by waving the pipestem from altar to the child's body, passing it down each side . . . at last placing the mouth-piece to the boy's lips, he dismissed him with a prayer. 796 778 302 852 [782]

While her husband was thus engaged, R Wolf's wife painted three other children with many prayers, flourishes, and incantations. The prayers being to Sun, that the children may have good health and live long lives. Two little boys walked up and laid some old garments at the feet of R Wolf who painted them as before, and a baby was operated on [not surgically, of course, but ceremonially painted] by his wife, who put mouth-piece of pipe-stem to the little one's lips at the finish. Painting of the seven children was finished at 2:15. The father of the first boy I mentioned had his own face coloured red when he entered. To this Running Wolf added 4 black spots, 1 on each cheek, 1 on chin, 1 on center of forehead.

The next movement was the production from the sacred package of some dried buffalo bladders which were painted red by 3 Bulls, his hand being guided in this operation by R Wolf who held his wrist. Singing all the time without rattles Running Wolf and his wife guided the hand of 3 Bull's wife as she painted two more bladders. All four of those people now grasped at the same time a painted bladder which they brought with a solemn wave or flourish to 3 Bull's head and thence to his feet. A second bladder was used likewise. . . . Incense was then made. . . . An old woman presented herself for decoration and was followed by a squaw bearing a child, all of whom were painted. A white man's squaw [Lee's] dressed in civilized garb and carrying in her arms a white baby, was the next and last applicant. Mother, child, and some of the others, were given four daubs of dark red on cheeks, chin and forehead. Backs of their hands and wrists were also red. . . . [531] [237]

Running Wolf would sometimes forget the required song and at such times he would sit 796 778 [533]

Some children were playing in the bushes by the camp. One of the children was a minipoka. His father was the head chief. Everybody was afraid of this chief; sometimes he got a bad temper, but he was Powerful and a good leader. 773 539

Oki, the kids were playing in the bushes. The minipoka had to go to the toilet, so he went away from the kids where they could not see him. But the other kids, they wanted to know how a minipoka would take care of himself. So they watched through the bushes. When they looked at him, their eyes got big. What fell to the ground was a big pile of pretty shells, the kind Medicine Pipe Owners wear as a necklace. The children ran out from the bushes and grabbed the shells. They were so excited that they knocked the minipoka down and took all the shells. When he got up, all the shells were gone and the kids ran off through the bushes with them, singing and laughing. [301] [237]

The minipoka started to cry and ran home to his father. When he told his father what happened the chief became angry. Right away, he gave the order for camp to be moved and for no one to call home their children. The People had to do what the chief ordered. By the time the children were finished playing and got back to the camp, all they saw were the smoldering fires where their tipis used to be. They all sat down and cried because they knew that they had been abandoned.

One of our Old People was raised as a minipoka by his influential father. His parents located a young girl from a good family to become his wife, even though he was still a boy and living at home. He became a member of the Horns Society when he was only about twelve or fourteen, which is very unusual. The Old People say that even now he still acts like a minipoka and likes to see things done to suit himself. 593 858 [584] [575] [561] [157]

While we talked about minipokaiks, Ponah admitted she had been the minipoka of her father, Iron. She said that they had a painted Medicine Tipi transferred to her. When I asked 593 858 857 [852] [178] [432] [345]

[p 120-A]

what a little girl did with a painted lodge of her own, she told us:

"It wasn't a big tipi. It was just a little tipi for kids to play in. My mother made it for me to play in with my friends. My sister and I, we went to boarding school. My mother, she put up the tipi right by the school, and nobody bothered it. She put in a panichtan [lining], and she tanned some little animals and put the skins around the inside for rugs. She even made little bags from rawhide [parfleches] and put them all around the inside. When my mother came to visit us, she stopped on the way at Long-Nosed Crow's [Wilson's Trading Post] and bought a lot of groceries. Then she told me to invite all my friends to the tipi and we had a big dinner. Even the nuns sometimes came over to sit in the little tipi with us."

Ponah said that the design painted on the tipi had been dreamed of by somebody and was actually transferred to her. The tipi was painted yellow, with four lines of stars going from top to bottom, one line at each of the four directions.

Our conversation wandered on to other things, and of course, Mokakin told us more old Napi stories.

ANOTHER NAPI ADVENTURE

One time, Napi came out from a forest and found a bunch of Gophers playing in a meadow. This was how they played: One of them would lie down in an old fireplace and the others would cover him up with earth and then build a fire on top of him. As soon as the fire got too hot, the buried one would call out, "Tsst, Tsst!" Napi asked the Gophers if he could play, and they told him he could. So he lay down in the fireplace and the Gophers put earth over him and built a fire on top of it. As he got warm, he called out, "Tsst, Tsst!" The Gophers uncovered him. Soon it was Napi's turn to build the fire.

Napi said to the Gophers, "I think it's easier

ferred ownership within their own group. When the People moved on to the reserve, they settled there according to their bands. Thus, some of our Old People knew quite well the histories of the Bundles among their own band, while they knew little about other Bundles.

Bundles are the spiritual property of their Keeper, or Owner. Our People used to live with the fact that owned property could be reclaimed at any time by nature, through loss, damage, or death. They believed that owning something meant caring for it until it was claimed by a stronger Power.

TWO MEDICINE PIPE TRANSFERS: 1890s

Many firsthand narratives of long-ago Medicine Pipe ceremonies are available among the Piegans, but not so many among our People, the Bloods. The oldest record among the few comes from the papers of Robert Wilson in the 1890s. Those who took part in the ceremonies he witnessed still practiced their Old Ways daily, but even then were no longer totally dependent on nature in their way of life, so that they could not fully relate to the representations of nature inside the Bundles.

Although Wilson was not always aware of the meanings of the symbols he saw, I will pass on to you what he wrote.

Sacred pipe holders are easily distinguished by the free use of red paint on their person, having it rubbed all over their white blanket or coat and also over the leggings and moccasins, their wives painted the same. A pipe-holder wears upon each wrist a blue bead tied with a buckskin strand, (the wife also; or, if man does not wear beads upon wrist, he will have one bead and a shell strung upon a buckskin string on his neck.) [The Owner and his wife wear both necklaces and wristlets during the ceremony.] Children who have been painted during [the] ceremony of transfer also wear the beads.

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

who have been painted during [the] ceremony of transfer also wear the beads. It sometimes happens that an Indian does not keep the pipe the alotted four years [as was common for some Medicine Pipe Bundles and society memberships in the Old Days]; a sick person's relatives may ask him for it inside of a few months of his possession of it. 000 778

A sick man often declares that he will take [the] pipe if he recovers, or will take it to recover. Upon [such] declaration he sometimes goes to lodge of owner, and pipe is unrolled and laid against his shoulders, chest, head, and wounds, with prayers all over his person. He takes it and pressing his lips against [the] pipe, prays for health. [782] [755]

The Sacred pipe has always a recognized value in horses, and the candidate knows how many cayuses [ponies] were paid by present owner of pipe and that he must pay a like number. [To pay less] would be considered an insult to the pipe and would deserve punishment in shape of bad luck. 778 432 [626]

Value of pipes run from 3 to 25 horses [amongst] the Bloods; these horses need not all be paid by the candidate; his friends, relatives and comrades may help him by donating a horse or two and there are generally enough willing ones for two reasons, e.g., a person paying one horse at a friend's initiation is entitled to have a child decorated at the ceremony of transferring the pipe and said child will bear more or less of a charmed life. And when his friend disposes of the pipe at end of four years or longer, his horse can be returned to him out of those paid by last purchaser. It is, therefore, a mutual advantage, for without friends so inclined the intending pipe holders might not be able to get the high priced article. [Wilson's statements are basically correct, but the helping friends and relatives were also motivated to have the Bundle in their area of the camps. The requirement for "payments" did not limit Bundle ownership to "wealthy" persons in 778 432 [435] [852] [114]

 [555]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony 1890's]

done at S.W. where the other red plume is placed, then N.W. and N.E. corners [in] which are stuck the black plumes. Two small willow sticks painted red, about 2 feet long, [are] stuck upright in the ground in front of and close to the bundle, a third is tied across horizontally near tops of them, four waves being made to altar before each stick is placed in position. The mouth ends of the two pipestems are placed resting upon this crosspiece, a stuffed owl is laid with it, head also upon the crosspiece end of long wood. A quantity of tobacco, generally a 3 lb. carrot of H.B.C. [Hudson's Bay Company, which was often supplied by Wilson from his trading post] tobacco, is now divided up by host and a piece given to priest who, breaking off a small particle, holds it out in front of him and, often giving a short prayer to the earth, pushes the balance into the earth. One of the old men present counts a couple of coups which are loudly applauded. Four children, or as many as the host has, or any child relative whose parents wish it to be painted, are brought forward, and painted by Priest. All is now ready for dancing which is started by Priest, who takes some article from the Sacred Outfit, generally the fancy stem of pipe, and dances around the lodge and out through the entrance. He often has in one hand this whistle which he points up to the sun and earth, blowing as he dances, and shaking the pipestem which has a great many bells on it. After turning around outside he dances back through lodge and having danced four times, hands articles to host, who prays to them [or with them, as I have said] and puts them in their place. After some chatting, the drums start up again and sing three songs and at the fourth, one of those men present who have owned a Sacred Pipe gets up and dances around the lodge, dancing towards the pipe three times, holding out his hands as if he would take it; the fourth time he takes it and often one of the other articles and dances with them in his hands. Each man dances to four songs [actually one song, sung

796 432 778 [824] [237] [276] [439] [782] [555] [302] [852] 796 432 778 535 [534] [782] [533]

[p. 128-B]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

Dance, and the assembled men spend the night singing and feasting and dancing. At the first sign of daybreak five or six of them take the stem and pipe and the owl and silently go to the lodge of the sleeping candidate, taking with them a stroud blanket or robe upon which they place the man. Putting into his hands the stem and owl, they then seize the corners of blanket and lift the man bodily off the ground and carry him out and off to the lodge of the owner of pipe where the ceremony is to take place. They there deposit him upon the right of the Sacred outfit, which [place] is vacated by the host who takes very little part in what follows. While they are carrying their prisoner from one lodge to the other, a great deal of shouting is done by themselves and those in the other lodges. [This shouting is in the form of cheers honoring the candidate.] The candidate, when seated, places the things he has been carrying in their places. Singing and dancing is now indulged in for about two hours, during which the guests slip out one by one and go home and wash and put on their good clothes, as they are looking rather tough after the night's sleepless feasting. Finally a couple of priests of the occasion chew sweet grass [again, sweet pine, the Medicine Pipe incense] and prepare to do the decorating. A boy is decorated, his friends having paid two horses for the privilege. First a red ring is painted around the candidate's face and around each wrist, and from there around to tips of fingers; a spot is painted, one on each shoulder, and feet are also painted red. Priest's hands are waved four times to incense before he does the painting; he now takes a sheep skin band, hair outside, painted red and blue, and puts it on man's head, hand waved four times to incense; a feather is stuck through hair at top of head, from right to left, and boy is fixed up same way. Some other children are now painted.

796 432 778 [554] [524] [261] [302] [152] [292] [237]

The vendor's wives now paint candidate's wives and hold up a blanket, curtaining off that portion of the lodge where they sit and dress them completely in new clothes which they, the

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

vendor's wives, supply. Vendor's wives chew sweetgrass while they are dressing others. When they are through the blanket is taken down. The candidate is dressed completely in a new suit of clothes by vendor; this is done before his wives are dressed. Each garment is waved four times to incense before being put on. Candidate now gets up and, passing behind pipe with fire stick in hand walks out, stepping on four bundles of sage the first four steps. A painted white horse is waiting outside which he mounts, and there is handed him the fancy pipestem, which he holds in his arms. A priest leads off the horse, singing, to candidate lodge which the latter enters [candidate enters his lodge]; a squaw brings back the horse, and priest returns with stem and owl [to vendor's lodge]; 2 Priests and 2 others go outside [vendor's lodge] having in their hands both pipestems, owl, rattle, and whistles, they stand in a line and sing while the four drummers form another line behind and they all move off, singing, to lodge of candidate; front line dancing and singing forwards and backwards, at times facing around when they at last arrive at candidate's lodge. Front line goes in, drummers at once return [to vendor's lodge], candidate at once comes out [from his own lodge] and, mounting horse which had been brought around again, he comes back to [vendor's] lodge and enters. As he enters, the drummers all take hold of a common pipestem and bow their heads low, still waiting, until he passes in, when they lift their heads and go to work at their drums.

Now there is dancing for an hour, very much like Thunder Dance, but more of it, there sometimes being four up at once. Head bands and feathers are taken off. A blanket is now held up as a curtain, closing from view the man and boy. The two priests take the front locks of hair of each [the man and boy] and form a top-knot by braiding out one braid in front and doubling it back upon itself and tying it with buckskin; a long strip of otter skin is wrapped around [the braided lock], making a long roll sticking out over the

796 778 432 [824] [261] [824] [231] [531] [533] [534] [535] [852] [302] [237]

[p.130-B]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony , 1972]

right to learn the sacred songs and Teachings of the Medicine Pipes and to use them whenever we wished to have their Power. 778 796 432

During the ceremony that followed, we were all painted in the style of Medicine Pipe People. My family was given new blankets and shell necklaces and bead wristlets to wear. White fur headbands were placed on Wolf Child and me. [424] [302] [301] [292]

A transfer within the transfer took place when the little granddaughter of Mokakin and Ponah gave up her rights to wear the sacred topknot from our Bundle, which is a strip of otter skin. While the topknot song was sung, the fur strip was wrapped in a spiral around a small, doubled-over braid that SikskiAki had fixed over Wolf Child's forehead. In our language, he became a Medicine Pipe Child. We gave up a quarter horse yearling, another pile of blankets, dry goods, and moccasins in payment for this. [852] [287] [301] [435]

Back in the Old Days, most Medicine Pipe Owners wore topknots to identify themselves. The origin for this has been forgotten. In recent times most men cut their hair too short to wear topknots, which is probably why the rights to these topknots are transferred to some child. The parents make sacrifices, offering nearly as much as given for the Bundle itself. Usually the Bundle belongs to their own parents or a relative. 793 778 [301] [302] [432] [852]

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

The Fifth Day

THE BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE TRANSFER CEREMONY

The main event of this day in camp was to be the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe Transfer. The ceremony itself had actually begun the night before, with a preliminary opening of the Bundle in Jim Twig's tipi, where he and former Medicine Pipe Owners had gathered. (This opening is not to be confused with the annual opening Jim Twig had had earlier.) After the Bundle had been ceremonially opened, and the guests fed, the group dispersed, leaving the Bundle untied for the rest of the night in the tipi.

White Horn was to be the leader at the transfer ceremony on this day—the same White Horn who had officiated at our own transfer. He carried the sacred Pipe under his white blanket, leading the capturing party toward a white tipi. There the future Owner waited with two of his sisters, one to be his partner, in place of his wife, and the other to accept the Bundle's topknot. This was a common arrangement among Old People who made the vow for a young person to take a Pipe.

Mokakin sang an honoring song for his grandson. Two other grandparents, Ponah and Emonissi, also sang their own rendition. The tiny bells on the sacred Pipestems jingled with the leader's movements.

[p. 141-A]

six-strip canvas tent (many of our People still lived year-around in tents and tipis back then), a plow, and enough food to get him started. 793 778 [657]

By the time Wings vowed to take our sacred Pipe, his farm was operating well, and he had already paid off the agent's loan. But after he made his payments for the Bundle, he didn't have enough horses left to haul a wagon. Besides, the wagon itself had been included as part of the payment. For him, the sacrifice had been considerable. [426] [342] [432] [511]

The next Owner of our Bundle was Bob Black Plume, also known as Apikayi, or "Skunk." He was given the name by his grandmother, who used the Power of that animal in her doctoring. He was a regular leader of our sacred ceremonies until recently, when he decided to give all his devotion to the Full Gospel Church. [551] [553] [755] [797]

Bobtail Chief was the leader of the ceremony during which our Pipe was transferred from Laurie Plume, or Otter, to our Old Man. The Old Man kept it for ten years, then gave it as a present to his son-in-law, Bob First Charger. The Old Man was then mourning the death of his wife. [431] [765]

SikskiAki was first in the presence of the Pipe when our Old Man had it. She was just a little girl when Grandma AnadaAki and her husband, Ben Strangling Wolf, took her along to the Old Man's spring Thunder ceremony. Although SikskiAki was then quite young, her memories add to the spirit the Bundle now has for us. [852]

THE DIFFERENT-PEOPLE PIPE

One of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles has been with our People since the year 1833. Some ethnologists have called this Bundle the Gros Ventre Pipe and even the Long-Time Pipe. Among our People it is known as *NamaTappi-Achkuineman*, or the "Different-People Pipe." It was brought here from the Mandan tribe. 778 [177]

Our head chief at the end of the Buffalo

[p. 156-B]

was made for them. The Owners ate from wooden bowls and were treated with special respect by their People. When the sacred Pipe was smoked—before a war party left on a dangerous mission, or when an offering of peace was being made—each smoker took only four whiffs, even if the tobacco was no longer lit. 177 171

Shot Many Times sang a few Cree songs for the Pipe. The Bloods found them to be much different from our own Medicine Pipe songs. One of the war songs included these words: "I sing to the Sun. Give me a man of honor to kill."

In 1916 an anthropologist named Alanson Skinner studied the Crees and wrote about their sacred Pipes: "There have been three pipes among the Cree, but there are only two now, as the Qu'Apelle River band (some ways east of Edmonton) sent theirs to the Bloods to make peace, and the latter still have it." This statement indicates that there was probably either a great misunderstanding, or else wishful thinking on the part of the Cree who gave the information to Skinner.

THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE PIPE

Besides the four Medicine Pipes we open every spring to celebrate the return of Thunder and the good seasons that follow, there is one more Medicine Pipe Bundle, which is rarely opened. Keepers used to carry this Bundle's Pipe to war so that its Spirit would give them the Power of success. Since the end of the war days, the Bundle has been transferred to the children of those who wanted its Power. Thus, it became known as the Children's Medicine Pipe Bundle. 778 [789] [852]

[P·159-B]

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[787]

reflection that he was going to be an old man. That is why he was very aggressive. He knew he would not die before reaching old age. Myself, I did not look into the badger blood.

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Out on the plains there is a ridge, a place that we call Writing-On. That is where my father went camping and trapping and shooting. He never trapped less than 200 muskrats; usually he got around 500, 600, or 700. I know my father once trapped 1,500 muskrats. In the beginning he could sell the pelts for 15 cents each. Later he was able to get 20 cents, then 25 cents, 30 cents—always more as time went on. When old age forced him to quit trapping, he got 75 cents for each muskrat pelt.

[435]
[178]

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My father was in the Black Seizers Society. Once, when I went to a Black Seizers dance, they painted my face. [Painting someone's face during the ceremony of a society or Bundle makes that person a spiritual associate of the society or Bundle.] My friends, Wore White Pants [Harry Spear Chief] and Tony, the son of Crane Chief, were also painted. Their fathers, like mine, were members of the Black Seizers, as well as elder comrades in our own young man's society, the All Brave Dog Society. ["Elder comrades" were once members of the young society; they taught the songs and ceremonies to the young members.]

[852]
[302]
[869]

My father taught me the life of the Black Seizers, the ones who tear our clothes. [The Seizers had the traditional right to demand food or other donations from the People in camp during the society's gatherings. If refused, the Seizers could tear up their clothing. They were not particularly popular for this.]

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[626]

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My father made me join the Braves Society and he taught me how they dance. I grew up and carried on both the Indian Way of life and the white Way. . . .

One person alone didn't educate me. Ki-soum taught me how to work the sweat lodges for the Horns Society. Natosina taught me how the Horns Society operates. So also did Three Guns

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Dog Child and his wife, the mother of George First Rider, in 1939. (Esther Goldfrank)

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took them both for my grandfathers. I know all the Horns Society Bundles. At one time or another they were all transferred to me: the Bundle with a Rattle, the Associate Staff, the Leader's Headdress, the Yellow-Ochred Staff, the Swan Staff, the Staff with an Armband, the

[p.234-A]

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Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. [George only painted for some of these Bundles.]

In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face was painted and wiped and then repainted again, four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her other name was Catching Another Horse, but she was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.]

I was born with long hair. My mother used Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet my hair. That is why I got long hair.

I must have been about five years old when I was able to go riding on my own.

When I was a little boy I was taken to the Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, my childhood property. I must have been eight years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

house; the white people were standing all around them watching. 535

I always look forward to going to any kind of dance, even though I can only hear the drums and bells. I remember just what it looked like in the Old Days, and I always get up and pretend that I am dancing like when I was young again. My grandchildren sing Indian songs and drum and I get up and dance every night. [541] [177]

DAN WEASEL MOCCASIN

Dan Weasel Moccasin has worn his hair in two braids all his life and is often called "Braids," although his actual name is Yellow Horse Rider. He parts his hair down the middle, instead of to one side as was our usual custom. It is not proper to ask someone questions about personal habits, but it is known that Yellow Horse Rider keeps his hair long for holy reasons. 302 [551] [553] [576]

His father, old Weasel Moccasin, was a member of the Knife Owners band and the Horns Society. His mother was a member of the All Short People band. Yellow Horse Rider was their minipoka, and the usual favorite children's sacred articles were transferred to him. 958 [425] [778]

When he was seven, old Heavy Shield gave him a Medicine Lodge necklace. A Piegan holy woman named Handsome Gun Woman gave him another necklace during a Sun Dance ceremony. While he was young he also had the topknots from both the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe and the Cree Medicine Pipe. Later he was given the rights to the sacred Lynx Tail Headpiece from Calling Last's Beaver Bundle. He never transferred it to anyone else, although Calling Last left it in his Bundle when he sold it to the museum. 958 852 778 425

Around 1943, Yellow Horse Rider took the Children's Medicine Pipe with his daughter, Eleanor. His father gave up his fine buckskin outfit and seven good horses for it. They kept the Pipe for five years before giving it up to John Red Crane. 778 425 852 [435]

[p. 338-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, 1890's]

was made on a large coal of fire, not on the altar but between it and the fire. A feast of tongue soup was handed around and Moon prayed alone. He was followed by all the others, except some late comers who were handed their food and then prayed, as usual holding up a little piece [of tongue] and at the end of the prayer shoving it into the ground [as an offering]. Old Moon began the songs at 2:15, all the men and women joining in the gestures, comprising holding all the fingers up, tips touching, and the sign to take something and put it on the breast. While singing was in progress, a filled pipe was handed to the oldest man, who, holding stem to the sun, prayed in a loud voice, the others singing throughout. Squaws were in the meantime putting red paint on faces of children who were to be painted afterwards by Moon. Singing ceased and another pipe was handed to Moon, who turned the stem quite around. Then, pointing the stem up over the fire, he prayed and afterwards pointed it to the earth. . . . One Spot sat at right of Moon and Three Bulls at the left. One Spot now took off his shirt, moccasins, leggings, and presented them all to Moon, also a piece of tobacco. He retained only his blanket, which he now wrapped around himself. Moon renewed the songs, One Spot let the blanket fall and sat upon it naked [with his breechcloth on, I'm sure]. Moon took a piece of fat meat and with many waves and signs from altar to One Spot and all over the latter's body, he handed to him, who rubbed it all over the head, arms and legs and body then handed it to Moon, who, after passing it all over his own body, passed it to the left and it went around. Moon now took red paint and, with some signs, rubbed it on his body, arms, legs and all, the others remarking with laughter how fat he was. One Spot turned his back and Moon rubbed paint all over it. One Spot's hair was tied up over his head and Moon painted his face all red. One Spot's son, a child of six or seven years, was brought forward and stripped to the waist . . . painted by Moon. . . .

796 [262] [782] 796 533 [788] [276] [782] [302] [852] 796 302 788 [522] [852]

[p. 347-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, 1890's]

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[852]

Another child was painted, then One Spot's grandson, Jerry Pott's child was brought in, his face already painted red. The Mother's face and arms were painted red, then the child's face; in the child's hand was a quarter which was given to Moon, who again renewed the singing at 2:55 with gestures. One Spot, Moon and Three Bulls did the gestures. Moon took One Spot's right hand in his, straightened out the forefinger and made it point to the ground, and then up to the sky. Then, still holding the hand, it took up one of the feathers from off the sage bunch and, One Spot holding it, crossed his arms on his breast, the feather against his shoulder. Moon took the feather from the other and passed it, quill end down, once around One Spot's head, then gave it to him again. Again he took the hand and made the feather sweep around the little mound of clay back to his shoulder as before, then took the left hand and did the same, sweeping the little mound half done. [The feather represented the Power of the wind as it was scattering the mound, which represented a cloud. None of these symbols are placed on our altars of today.] Then he took one of the moccasins, turned the heel inside out, levelled the mound of sand and handed the moccasin to another man to finish the job. Singing, Moon took hand of One Spot and with feather marked out a pattern on the sand. [The pattern had a round circle in the center, to represent Sun. A circle on each side was for the Sun Dogs, while one above was for Morning Star. A crescent at the bottom stood for Night Light, or Moon.]

Moon took One Spot's hand and made it take some black paint from the sack and sprinkle a little in all of the marks on the sand, still singing. The man who had helped before now took bag and put more black in the marks. While he was doing this, Moon was busy picking off pieces from a root, which, when he had enough, he mixed with grease. Singing, he guided One Spot's hand to and took from bag yellow paint and scattered a little outside of the marks in the sand.

. . . No yellow was put around the top spot. 796
[The yellow represented daylight; Morning Star 788
was left black because he is not visible in the
daytime.]

Moon put an eagle feather in his own head 796
at back and gave directions to the assistant who 788
went out and, going around to back of lodge by 782
east, took down the pole bearing the offering.
While he was out, Moon put a coal of fire in the
top spot and guided One Spot's hand to put the
stuff he had been mixing, and which he gave him,
upon the coal of fire [as incense], singing and
waving the hands to the coal fire [to take the
incense smoke]. They sang to the man outside to
come in, and brought in the offering and gave it
to Moon, who took it, praying, and laid it on the
sage brush. Moon now, with black paint mixed [302]
with grease in the palm of his hands, put a black
spot on the bridge of One Spot's nose, on each
cheek and on his chin and then made a broad
streak, or ring, around each wrist and ankle. Then [952] •
the offering was waved by Moon on each side of
One Spot's head, back, and body; and a child was
brought up, face painted same way and wrists and
ankles, offering waved . . . also Potts' wife and
child, and Calf Robe. . . . Moon now guided
One Spot's hand with black paint to mark little
short stripes at the top and bottom of the blanket
of the offering. Moon always touched the bowl of
the pipe to ground before smoking it. Moon and
One Spot held up the offering there and singing,
an old man called off two coups and then another
old man called two. Towards the middle of the
songs they lowered top of offering to the altar
waving the points of feathers to the figures in
sand, and, at intervals, the squaws would let up a
yell. Finally, they with the feathers at top of offer-
ing, sweep out the figures entirely, and Moon
then placed the sage in little bunches leading to
the door . . . assistant stood up and, carrying the
offering, Moon guiding his first step, walked out,
stepping upon the bunches of sage, of which
there were four. [The offering symbolically con-

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

Then, while we sat waiting for the others to arrive, Atsitsina asked the Old Man, "Omach-Kinna [Old Man], why don't you tell our grandson the secret for reaching old age? Maybe he will tell me, and then I will become as old as you are." 886

The Old Man kept looking at the altar for a time, then he began to speak: 791 787 852

My parents took me to an old holy woman who had a lot of Power. She was the one who foresaw that I would reach old age. Her name was Otter Woman. She told my parents, "This boy will reach old age. I have foreseen it. But he will have to face a test right now to prove that he is the right one. Do you wish to risk his life to have him meet this test?" My parents had a lot of faith in that old woman's Power, so they told her, "Yes, go ahead."

I was only about five months old when all this took place. The old woman began by piercing my ears with porcupine quills. Next, she buried me under the earth; I was not told how deep, but she must have left my face free so that I could keep breathing. Then she built a fire of dry cottonwood sticks over my body. She told my parents that the Earth Powers would protect me from harm if I was the one in her dreams. No harm came to me. Then she bundled me up in blankets and tied me into the branches of a tree. She and my parents stood below and mourned for me as though I were dead. She told them that from then on, the Spirits of death would be satisfied and would not come to bother me with misfortune. When they brought me down from the tree she told my parents, "This boy has proved that he is the one who will have the Powers I saw in my dream. He will belong to Sun from now on. Sun will care for him and he will have the Power to help his People." [237] [372] [824] [776]

Then the old woman prayed: "Sun, I give you this boy so that you will guide him like I 791 852 304 782 787

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

saw in my dream. Here is a part of him to prove that we are sincere and that he will always remember you." That old woman took out her knife and cut off the end of my little finger from my left hand, you can see where it is missing, and she left the end of my finger out there on the prairie as an offering. That is when I was first told that I would have old age.

After the Old Man's story, we sat quietly for a while. Then Atsitsina remarked that he had not yet been purified for the recent death in his family. He could not attend a holy ceremony until he symbolically cast the Spirit of death away from himself. He asked me to step outside with him and to bring along a few leaves of sage from the bunches by the altar. He had already taught me what to do to purify someone in our Old Way. I rolled the sage leaves into a small ball between my palms and prayed, asking for help that Atsitsina may forget what has happened and go on with the Good Spirits again. Four times I prayed and asked the various Powers to give him strength and encouragement, and then I handed him the ball of sage. He prayed and brushed his body four times with it, then told the sage to take the evil from his body as he cast it away toward the east, the direction of the new day.

A truck arrived bringing SikskiAki's parents and our two boys. Wolf Child quietly walked into the room and sat by me. The Old Man squinted to see who it was, then greeted Wolf Child: "Ahhh, Makwi Poka, shake hands!" The Old Man was very fond of Wolf Child. The boy prayed enthusiastically and made hand signs while trying to sing along with our holy songs.

NinnaOnesta and his wife arrived with a box full of bowls, utensils, pipe and blankets, and two cushions—in case our seating proved uncomfortable. The Old Man gave NinnaOnesta a seat on the far left, where he usually sits to call out his raiding exploits.

gathering, almost always convened for another purpose such as powwow dancing, an announcement is made that a giveaway will be held "for So-and-So." The family of the honored person parades around the center of the arena, using the standard Plains dance step, while a Plains style honoring song (a recognized type) is drummed and sung. The honored person, if present, will parade in the front rank; if he or she is absent, ill or deceased, his photograph will be carried by someone in the front rank. When the honoring song is concluded, gifts piled into old quilts, bedspreads or cartons are carried into the center of the arena or a roped-off section at its side. The bulk of the gifts is blankets and other bedding. Assistants, often powwow officials, help the family distribute the gifts to individuals or categories of persons ("visitors from other tribes") determined in advance by the family. The giveaway usually fades to an end, the next activity of the gathering beginning as the last few gifts are taken.

B C 431 554 796

Reasons for holding a giveaway range around the expectation that a change in an Indian's social position will be formally communicated to the active members of his or her band. A child's first explicit participation in ritual, including his first costumed powwow dancing, is marked by a small giveaway. Young people's moves into adult responsibilities — marriage, graduation from school, or return from military service — call for giveaways by their families. Unusual achievements bringing increased prestige, such as winning awards or notable positions, will be recognized by giveaways. Finally, death is memorialized by giveaways.

B C [352] [814] B C [565] [764]

[P. 17-B]

tion), deceased the preceding winter. This giveaway immediately follows the preceding. 769 796 431

2:50 p.m. Honoring dance for W— B— is announced over the loudspeaker. At this time, a man, two youths, and four little boys, one of them the son of S— A—, are powwow dancing to the Young Grey Horses drum.

2:55 The Rocky Boy's (Chippewa-Cree Reservation, Montana) drum is called by the announcer. No one appears, so the Young Grey Horses resume. The same dancers continue, joined by older men in costume with feather bonnets.

2:57 The women of W— B—'s family come into the arena and line up on folding chairs set along one side of the ring. The women wear expensive buckskin costumes: Mrs. B— is manager of the reservation crafts guild. A photograph of W— B— in full costume is displayed in front of the women.

3:00 The Young Grey Horses begin another song. The same dancers continue and are joined by more youngsters and by a Euro-American announcer from the regional television station.

3:04 The Rocky Boy drum replaces the Young Grey Horses. W— B—'s daughters, accompanied by another woman in costume and a woman in a rayon dress, sedately join in the dance, circling the arena once and then sitting down.

3:10 The White Swan (Yakima, Washington) drum takes over. The same dancers, again including the B— women, continue.

3:15 The announcer asks the White Swan drum for a short war dance song for the grandson of J— L—. The little boy is powwow dancing for the first time. He wears a scaled-down man's fancy dance costume, and, with his grandfather holding his hand, leads his family procession around the arena. The announcer states that the L— 852 796

family has given nine dollars to the White Swan drum (in honor of the child's first formal dancing). 796 852 431

3:20 A drum from the Blood (Blackfoot, Alberta) reserve. This dance honors R— R—, and is sponsored by his parents. An older man who frequently acts as herald in the South Piegan ceremonies (and whose younger relative is the powwow announcer) carries a large colored photograph of R— R— as he slowly circles the arena with the R— family. Only one elderly woman is in Indian costume, although most women wear dancing shawls. At the second circling, two girls in costume join them. 554 796 431

3:26 The herald stops in front of the announcer's booth, holds up the portrait of R— R—, and orates in Blackfoot. (Announcements are usually made in English and Blackfoot, jokes and comments in Blackfoot alone at the Blackfeet Reservation powwows. English is often used alone for announcements at the Canadian powwows we have attended.) [91]

3:29 Piles of blankets and bed linens are brought in, in quilts and large cartons, for the W— B— giveaway. The B— family, including Mrs. B— in a wheelchair and her adult grandson wearing the late B—'s impressive buckskin costume and feather bonnet, remain on the sideline while the distribution is supervised by another woman who directs women and girls carrying the goods to recipients. The announcer mentions that N— A— gets a Hudson's Bay blanket (which is expensive) and a pair of moccasins. The name of another recipient is called out, and someone responds that his daughter is present [to take his gift to him]. No other names are called aloud. 769 796 431

3:40 The Blood drum sings a slow war dance. The younger B— women join the dance. There are more dancers now than earlier in the afternoon.

3:50 It is announced that Mary G— gives five dollars to C— C— in honor of Mary's grandson who is dancing for the first time. 796 852 431

3:51 The herald leads the procession honoring W— B—. He carries B—'s photograph, and is followed by Mrs. B— in her wheelchair, pushed by her grandson and another man, and following these, three drummers. The party circles twice, then the White Swan drum begins to sing while the three drummers in the procession cease but continue in the procession. Every so often, Mrs. B— gives a high-pitched whoop. 796 769 431

3:55 The distribution of gifts continues.

4:00 The herald, holding up blankets, announces in Blackfoot, and the powwow master of ceremonies repeats in English, that the names of recipients are marked on the blankets. The master of ceremonies states that he will not call out these names, but the herald does so in Blackfoot. Some recipients are given cash (bills) or shawls rather than blankets.

4:07 An elderly South Piegan man holds up the bill he has been given and shouts out the praises of B— in Blackfoot.

4:28 The W— B— giveaway officially ends. The powwow announcer mentions B—'s grandson, who is considered to be embarked upon a promising career in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and compares him to his grandfather, who served the tribe so long.

Postscript: Eleven days later, we interview Mrs. B— in her home. We were well acquainted when we lived on the Blackfeet Reservation during the 1950's. Mrs. B— apologizes for not having noticed us in the audience at the giveaway and insists that we take an inexpensive blanket in the room as our gift. Mrs. B— tells us that she and her daughters (there are no sons) spent several thousand dollars on [124] [123]

853

853 INFANT FEEDING--conception of lactation, milk, and colostrum; beliefs about sucking; initiation of suckling in newborn infants; stimulation of the flow of milk; routine of nursing (e.g., posture, intervals); feeding problems; treatment and behavior of the nursing mother (e.g., diet, sexual abstention); communal nursing; fosterage; adjustments to death of mother; supplementary feeding (e.g., age at beginning, appropriate foods and their preparation); method of feeding (e.g., bottle, cup, spoon); etc. See also:

Malnutrition 146
Dairy products 334
Diet 282
Ideas about breasts 826
Weaning 863

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

[ca. 1850]

THE STAFF OF LIFE

A century ago Alfred Vaughan aptly termed the buffalo the Blackfoot Indians' "staff of life."[2] Surely the great number and variety of uses for that animal justified that characterization.

Buffalo supplied a tasty, easily digested, nourishing, year-round food for Indians of all ages. Blackfoot mothers gave their infants choice pieces of meat to suck. Toothless old people sucked the juices in the same way. Many Indians preferred the tongue and ribs. A soup made from buffalo fat and berries mixed with buffalo blood was a favorite dessert at Blackfoot feasts. Several parts of the animal were devoured during butchering, without benefit of cookery. On a buffalo hunt near Fort Union in the summer of 1843 the famous naturalist John James Audubon was appalled when the handsome, refined Blood Indian wife of Alexander Culbertson requested that the skull of a fallen beast be broken open so that she could eat its brains.[3] She was just following the custom of her people, who also enjoyed raw buffalo liver, kidneys, soft nose gristle, and marrow from the leg bones. Older men ate the raw testicles with relish, claiming this food made them healthy and virile. The cheeselike contents of the intestines of newborn calves killed in the spring was a delicacy to the aged of both sexes.

Fresh buffalo meat was cooked by roasting or boiling. Ribs usually were roasted on coals or on wooden spits. A dish known as Crow-guts was prepared by cleaning a section of the small intestine, turning it fat side in and stuffing it with a long, thin strip of meat, then roasting it. The intestine of a large buffalo cow or bull was cleaned, one end tied, filled with blood, and the other end tied. After it was boiled in water, pieces were cut off like sausage. Marrow fat was boiled. When the water cooled and the fat rose to the surface, it was skimmed off and stored in buffalo-skin sacks.

When meat was plentiful, large quantities of the lean flesh were cut into long, thin strips and dried in the sun on racks of poles. The dried meat was packed in buffalo rawhide envelopes

[2] Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1858, 435.
[3] Maria Audubon (ed.), *Audubon and his Journals*, II, 111.

THE BLACKFEET

Lazy Boy, the oldest living Piegan a decade ago, followed this traditional custom in naming my younger daughter. He gave her the name Many-Steals-Horses-Woman, explaining that as a young man he had been very successful in capturing horses from enemy camps so he thought this name would bring her good fortune in whatever she tried to do. [ca. 1850]

Elaborate cradles were luxury items, uncommon among the Blackfeet a century ago. When walking or riding on horseback, women commonly carried their babies on their backs, inside their robes or blankets. The mother stood with her back bent, grasped the infant by both arms, swung it over her shoulders, then quickly drew her robe about her own body and that of the child. Blackfoot mothers nursed their babies until long after they were able to walk. Indeed, some mothers continued to nurse their children until they were five or six years old, believing this would prevent another pregnancy until their youngest child was old enough to look after himself.

Children were taught the elements of good manners and respect for their elders. They were expected to sit quietly while adults were talking in the tipi, to perform their chores promptly, to observe the taboos of the family medicine bundles, and to help the aged and show particular respect to them. They were taught to take teasing gracefully. But if a child of about their own age struck them, they were to fight back to the best of their ability.

The mother was responsible for the education of her daughters. The little girl began to learn about women's responsibilities by watching her mother and grandmothers at their tasks. She imitated their actions in her childhood play. She began to help her mother in such light tasks as picking berries, and graduated to the heavier work of digging roots and carrying firewood and water for the lodge. As the girl grew older, she received instructions in dressing hides, preparing foods, making clothing, and in the women's crafts of geometric painting, porcupine quillwork, and beadwork. A girl was expected to become proficient in these crafts before she married. At the annual sun dance mothers ex-

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

south of the Missouri in the Judith Basin. The next winter's hunt was unsuccessful. Richard Sanderville claimed the last wild buffalo in the Blackfoot Country were killed by a party of Piegan hunters near the Sweetgrass Hills in 1884.

The contemporary observations (quoted above) confirm the claims of my aged informants that buffalo were plentiful in the Blackfoot Country in their youth (the late 1860's and early 1870's). As Hornaday's historical map of the extermination of the buffalo graphically illustrates, the Blackfoot Country was the last buffalo hunting ground of the Plains Indians (Hornaday, 1889).

BLACKFOOT USES OF THE BUFFALO

Nearly a century ago Indian Agent Vaughan wrote that the buffalo was "the staff of life" of the Blackfoot (U. S. Comm. Ind. Affairs, 1858, p. 435). Frequent repetition of this phrase has not dulled its essential truth. Throughout their known history the Blackfoot have shown a striking preference for the meat of a single animal. Their current desire for beef, almost to the exclusion of any other meat, probably is a survival from the days when the buffalo was their common food. Not only did they consume it in great quantities but a number of the parts were avidly devoured during butchering, without benefit of cookery. These were the liver, brains, kidneys, the soft gristle of the nose, the blood, and the marrow from leg bones. Older men ate the testicles raw, claiming they made them healthy and virile. The contents of the intestines of newborn calves were considered delicacies for the aged of both sexes. An informant spoke of this food as "the Indians' cheese." All fleshy parts of the buffalo were cooked, although the Blackfoot showed a decided preference for the tongue and ribs. Buffalo figured prominently in the diet of Blackfoot Indians of all ages. As Maximilian (1906, vol. 23, p. 133) noted in 1833, Blackfoot mothers gave infants choice pieces of buffalo meat to suck. Toothless old people sucked the juices in the same way. Quantities of dried meat and pemmican were pounded for winter use. In times of food scarcity even the grease-soaked bags which had contained fat or pemmican were eaten to stave off starvation.

The nonfood uses of the buffalo in Blackfoot material culture were more numerous than any previously published list of the many uses of this animal by Indians of the Plains would indicate. Therefore, I have listed these uses below. This list includes only items mentioned by informants in the course of my specialized field studies of aspects of Blackfoot material culture. A more exhaustive search for rare usages probably would increase this list of some 87 items to more than 100. This list serves to illustrate not only Blackfoot dependence upon the buffalo but also their ingenuity in utilizing buffalo products.

824
278
757 taken for liver trouble.

Potentilla anserina

The plant was soaked in water and the solution taken as an emetic for stomach disorders.

Prunus virginiana

The berry juice was used to treat diarrhea and sore throat. The cambium of choke-cherry and saskatoon was infused and taken as a purge. In addition to drinking the tea in the belief that the medicinal qualities were passed to the baby through the milk, nursing mothers administered it to the child through an enema. The treatment was repeated periodically. A willow (Salix) infusion was used to counteract the laxative effect of the choke-cherry one.

[853]

Psoralea esculenta

The root was dug, dried then brewed for sore throat and gastroenteritis. Also, the root was chewed and blown into a baby's rectum to treat colic.

Pyrola spp.

An infusion of the leaves was given as a laxative.

Ribes spp.

The berries were eaten as a mild laxative.

Salix spp.

The fresh root was crushed and brewed for symptoms described as "waist trouble". Internal hemorrhage was treated with the same brew.

Shepherdia argentea

The berries were eaten for stomach trouble and as a mild laxative.

Spiraea densiflora

[237] An infusion of the root was administered through an eagle bone enema. If the brew was swallowed, a little was saved and rubbed on the affected

824 278 757 Dodecatheon radicatum

An infusion of the leaves was gargled, especially by children, for canker.

Equisetum arvense

Pieces of the stem were applied to rash under the arm and in the groin.

Evernia vulpina

[237] An infusion of this tree-lichen and marrow was taken for stomach disorders like ulcers. The plant was blackened in a fire and rubbed on rash, exzema and wart sores.

[237] "False Tender Roots"

The root was pulverized, mixed with grease and applied as a salve to sores and troublesome wounds.

"Fish Backbone"

[302] An infusion of the root was applied to acne. The hair was washed with it to control dandruff.

Gaillardia aristata

One man, Sun Runner, chewed the powdered root and applied the mixture to [853] skin disorders. An infusion of the plant was rubbed on nursing mother's sore nipples.

Geum triflorum

[237] An infusion of the root was mixed with grease and applied as a salve to sores, rashes, blisters and flesh wounds.

Glycerhiza lepidota

An infusion of the root was applied to swellings.

Heracleum lanatum

An infusion of the young stem was applied in the removal of warts.

Heuchera parvifolia

[752] The chewed root was applied to wounds and sores as a styptic. Especially

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

"What will they think at home? Here I went mourning and I come back smelling so pretty."

All my children were nursed with my own milk. Now you take all these children that were not natural nursed—they were raised on all kinds of milk, and they don't know how to listen and they have no pity on their fellow men. . . . If my children don't listen to me I used to just grab them and give them a good whipping. I have whipped my grandchildren, too. But since the time one of them died, in an accident away from home, I have pitied the rest and I don't whip them anymore.

I was raised around a tipi, and I have used one for most of my camping life. When we quit camping in a tipi then we started to use a wall tent, because we were too old to handle the tipi poles. My husband always used to invite a lot of people to our camp. If he saw some visitor walking around he would tell me: "There are some people who have just arrived, you had better cook for them." Someone would be sent to invite them, and then they would be fed. I used to get a lot of visiting relatives from the Blackfeet in Montana. My grandfather took one of his wives from there, and she had a lot of relations. But most of them are dead now.

Something funny happened to me one of those times that my husband invited guests. I was always rushing around to get all my work done. I had a big wooden box in which I kept all my foodstuffs when we were camping. This time I took out a big bunch of eggs and set them down. Then I did some other work, and by the time I turned back to cook I forgot about the eggs. I sat down on them, and all of a sudden I felt something very sticky under me. I jumped up and my children all started laughing. They said. "Mother, your rear end is just yellow from all the eggs you sat on." I had to change all my clothes in a hurry, while my children just kept on laughing and giggling. Finally I told them to quit laughing and help set the table for our guests.

as the adviser to these newer members. I am their grandmother. This is how Mokakin and I have been rewarded for our faith in the holy ways of our people. I have taken part in all these ancient ceremonies so often that I would be able to lead them all, if our customs didn't require men to be the ceremonial leaders.

PAULA WEASEL HEAD'S COMMENTS ON LIFE

We old people of the Bloods are very disturbed about the behavior of the young people. There is very little respect left today. A lot of us think the reason for this is that a lot of young people were bottle-fed. The milk they were raised on came from cows, so the young people of today have taken on the nature of cows. You know that cows only think of themselves, even though they like to run in bunches. Many of the young people are just the same.

Yes, I think there is still hope for them to change, in the future. . . . If they will listen to good leaders, and learn to have respect for all things, not just those that are theirs, and if they will pray. Praying is what has brought us old people through life. We've all gone through hard times. We've all done our share of bad things. But through our prayers and faith in the Creator we get together again and we try hard to live right.

A few years ago Mokakin and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Even the government leaders sent us cards. We have had a long life together—good times and bad times. We have grown wise from the experiences we've gone through.

Our sacred transfers are the things that kept us the strongest in life. We believed in our religion, just like our old people handed it down to us. For every important thing they did in life there was a transfer—an initiation. Somebody that has

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

853

Here is a picture of my grandmother, AnadaAki, back in 1939. She was feeding my older brother, Black Eyes (Gilbert Little Bear). Against the log house sits her mother, doing beadwork. (PHOTO: HILDA STRANGLING WOLF)

A group of initiated women doing the Beaver Bundle Dance during the day-long ceremony inside a tipi. Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door is facing us on the right. (PHOTO: PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA)

595
796

since our grandfather lived to be ninety-seven. 000

My grandmothers have always been close to their grandchildren even to this day. It is common for the grandparents 603 to keep one of their grandchildren and raise it. One of our sons is living with my parents in this way. He and my father were both born on the same day, January 9, and they both have the same first name, Edward. Traditional closeness between elders and grandchildren gave kids an exposure to the same values their parents were raised by. It also gave kids a 603 lot of attention, which many modern children seem to be 855 sadly lacking. If the mother and father of a crying child were busy, there was usually a grandmother or grandfather nearby who would find out what was wrong. As a result, it is not our [861] custom to spank children, although it was occasionally done. This extra attention helps to explain how parents handled half a dozen or more small children inside their crowded tipis on long cold winter days and nights. The elders told stories, played games, and otherwise helped to occupy the minds of the children.

When I was young I used to take my little brother to the 604 home of my father's uncle, because his wife would tell us old-time stories. She was a real good storyteller, and we didn't mind walking several miles across the prairie to visit her as well as our cousins there. She would keep us entertained for hours. I can just imagine how it would have been if we had still been living in our old-time tipi camps, with aunts and uncles and grandparents all within short walking distance.

Old widows who were alone in the past were often given 768 an orphaned child by some relative. Any small child that lost 589 its mother was taken over by a relative, usually the grandmother. My grandmother's first husband, Joe Beebe, was 768 raised in this way. His mother died during childbirth, so her 603 mother raised him. This old lady would take him around to [853]

different nursing mothers so he could get some milk. She would feed him broths at other times and let him suckle on her own, dry breasts when he got too fussy.

My grandfather suckled on his grandmother's breasts so long that milk started coming out of them. This is true, because a number of relatives have told me that all the elders used to talk about it. She was very proud of herself, and showed off her nursing abilities whenever she could.

Generally children were fed nothing but mother's milk for the first three or four months. Their first food was usually a little broth, and they were given bones to suck on. I've heard of kids that were nursed till they were past six years of age. It wasn't unusual for a playing child to run indoors suddenly and ask to nurse from its mother. Some mothers liked to nurse their kids long as a form of birth control. But I hear this didn't always work.

Babies were kept bundled up most of the time. They were dressed on the upper part of the body while the lower part was packed with soft, dry moss. Then they were wrapped with soft cloth or hide and put inside their moss bag or cradleboard. A moss bag laces all the way up the front so that only the baby's head is exposed. A cradleboard is attached to the back of a moss bag to give it a solid frame, for transporting and to keep the baby better protected. I have used both of these with my kids.

I really like to watch babies when I unlace their moss bags and watch their little arms and legs stretch. They get so used to being in their bags that they often wouldn't sleep unless I laced them up first. This way they are so well padded that I feel very secure in handling them. I have always been told that babies are not strong enough to be held all the time unless they are well wrapped, like this.

Cradleboards were almost essential back in the days when my grandmothers did all their traveling by horseback. The strap on the back of the cradleboard was hooked over the high horn on the traditional-style woman's saddle.

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up at Fort Benton, the main trading post for the Piegans in Montana. He worked as a teamster on bull trains (wagon trains pulled by bulls) over the old Whoop-Up Trail between Fort Benton and Edmonton, Alberta. During these trips, he got to know the family of a Piegan named Red Tail Feathers and his two Blood wives, Mountain Lion Woman and Woman's Word. Among the children of this family was Bird Rattler and Awok-Aki, or "Smart Woman," who became Joe Beebe's wife. Their only child was Grandma's Joe Beebe. When the boy was born, AwokAki was not able to pass her afterbirth. Joe Beebe wanted to get the white doctor, but the wives of Red Tail Feathers had no faith in him and insisted on doctoring AwokAki themselves. She passed away after six days.

Old Joe Beebe married again, but continued to provide for his two mothers-in-law. Mountain Lion Woman raised little Joe for the first seven years of his life. After AwokAki's death, this old lady took him to women who had babies so that he could nurse from them. If they weren't available, she made broths for him, letting him suck on her own dry breasts for contentment. His continued sucking finally caused milk to come from her breasts, so that she was able to nurse her grandson for some time. The old lady delighted in showing off whenever visitors were around that she could nurse the baby.

When young Joe Beebe was about seven, his father placed him in the Dunbow Boarding School, where he stayed for most of the next twelve years. Many other boys from this reserve were sent to Dunbow. At the age of nineteen he returned to the reserve to work as interpreter and scout for the Mounted Police. Although his speech and appearance led many to think of him as a white man, he soon let his hair grow long enough to braid and began to take part in the frequent powwows. He became an excellent Grass Dancer, earning the right to dance with the Forked Stick during the Dog Feast, a ceremony our People had adopted from the Assiniboines.

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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Grandma AnadaAki in 1939. She is feeding SikskiAki's brother, Gilbert, or Black Eyes. The old lady was Grandma's stepmother, one of old Heavy Head's wives. (Esther Goldfrank)

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Joe Beebe on his democrat while in Cardston in 1939. Behind him is John Red Crane, the man who sold the Long Time Pipe. Joe Beebe, an invalid by this time, had hired John as driver. The old lady is John Red Crane's mother. (Esther Goldfrank)

[P.59-B]

working steadily since early morning without food and we were starved. So in the Indian tradition we ate hugely of the fresh liver of our kill. Jim also cooked some fresh kidney, and although he made no preparation of the kidney except to slice it thinly and pop it into a frying pan, the kidney was mild-flavored and delicious. So was the liver. The Chief ate as much as we did.

We still had not gotten to town, so after eating, Jimmy and I put on fresh shirts and we all boarded the station wagon again. As we were crossing the bridge at Starr School, a load of young Indian men in a car with Canada plates charged down upon us from the rear and passed us at dangerous speed. "Bunch drunks," Jimmy muttered, and as usual he was right. An empty quart beer bottle went flipping out a window of the car almost at that instant, and I was already beginning to slide into the reflective mood which comes to me with twilight and I thought both of the scene in "Horserace" in which Phillip throws a beer bottle out the window of a moving car and of the dramatic juxtaposition of the two cars here on the road to Browning—one car occupied by two fine Indians who had worked hard all this day to bring in the winter's supply of moose meat, and the other car filled with Indians who had spent the day in getting drunk. How antipodal can you get!

"Give everybody a bad names," Jimmy growled, referring to the drunks, and once again he was right.

There is something about bringing in the family meat that allows a man to feel that he has earned the right to sit for awhile and smoke his pipe. Ordinarily I don't smoke anything, but today, seated in the Tribal Office waiting for Jim and the Chief to conduct their business, I puffed rather smugly on a small cigar. There was leisure in which to pass the time of day with those friends that were there, including Mary Ground and Mrs. Charlie Horn, and I made one new acquaintance—a big, black-sombreroed Indian man with no eyebrows whose name is Paul Running Crane. (In the old days, some Indians plucked out their eyebrows along with their chin whiskers.)

There is, in this day and age, something infinitely inspiring and tragically anachronistic about a functional female breast. Seated opposite me at the Tribal Office was an Indian girl of about twenty, holding her baby, and during the course of the afternoon she casually raised her blouse and gave baby an early supper. The girl was much too aquiline—almost accipitral—to be really pretty, but she was very wholesome and as she affectionately and efficiently nursed her child she became, in a way, quite beautiful to behold. She did

not have on her face the ecstatic expression that mothers in women's magazine ads always have—that would have been obscene, I think. But she was contented and unselfconscious and very feminine during the entire proceeding, and it gave me a nice warm member-of-the-family feeling to be there. Too many White women nowadays regard their breasts as something with which to fill out a sweater—they wouldn't even consider nursing their babies—and this attitude, I feel sure, must represent some gross but socially acceptable form of perversion. 122 853

We started home at 5:00, and upon arrival Jim and I took the ten-gallon can and drove down to the creek for water. A small, wiry Indian man of undeterminable age was fishing there, accompanied by four dogs. Jimmy made proper introductions, but Joe Young Eagle was very shy and almost immediately he went splashing knee-deep across a gravel bar, followed by his faithful dogs. Jim said that Joe is pretty much of a hermit, and that he walks wherever he goes, often walking to town—about twelve miles cross-country, as the Indian trots—strolling around for awhile, and then walking home again. 122

Jim fried some moose shoulder for supper and it was tough as hell. I asked him why he didn't cut some steaks from the more tender and flavorful hindquarters, or broil some of the huge tenderloins, and he replied that he is saving the hindquarters for drying.

At supper, Jim casually mentioned that he was married for two years since I was up here last (I guess it was an Indian style marriage, because Jim said that when the woman started to drink too much, Jim divorced her by packing up her things, taking them into town, and handing them to her). Jim said that tomorrow we will have tripe, an Indian favorite. If it is going to be anything like the venison tripe that old Phillip put on the table four years ago, no thanks! Phillip said, "White people don't know how to cook tripe—they clean it up too much so you can't tell what you're eating." Phillip's method of preparation incorporated a careful avoidance of cleaning the tripe (or anything else) too scrupulously. Phillip's recipe consisted in yanking the stomach out of a deer, slitting it open, shaking it a few times, and cooking it as little as possible. Phillip's tripe was brown and smelled like manure and I don't know what it tasted like because I couldn't get it past my nose. [586] [262]

The Chief was very sad at supper. The moose meat—he has not eaten moose in sixty years—brought back a lot of memories. It must be kind of rough to be the last of your generation, almost the last of your culture, but the Chief's only complaint is his poor eyesight.